

Yesterday, Madame de Gontaut gave as fine a ball as ever was given in days of yore; three hundred of the company had lost near relations by the guillotine! Some of the men there danced with their hats on and with red heels. Two of the ministers (I do not mean foreign ones) were present.

I saw advertised in the "Journal de Paris/"
"Recueil de toutes les pieces en faveur de Louis Seize, par Guyard, auteur de sa Defense."

Another curious publication had preceded it. This was the dreadful catalogue of the victims of the guillotine. It was first published in numbers, and was entitled, *Liste genérale et trè exacte des noms, âges, et qualités, de tous les conspirateurs qui ont été condamnés & mort par le Tribunal Révolutionnaire, Van 2 de la République, une et indivisible et imperissable.* The first eleven numbers, in my possession, contain the names of two thousand seven hundred victims. It may not be irrelevant to mention that this instrument of death was invented, before the Revolution, by a Dr. Guillotin, with* the philanthropic intention of shortening the sufferings of criminals. The projector went mad when he discovered the horrible purposes to which his invention was applied. It will scarcely be believed that when this machine was erected *en permanence* upon the Place Carousel, the children used to climb upon the scaffold and amuse themselves by putting their heads through the hole still dripping with blood: and if anyone, more timid than the others, evinced repugnance at the sight, he was assailed and maltreated

as an aristocrat. The people were so accustomed to the guillotine, that the word seemed to be identified with the manners and thoughts of the day. The very ballad-singers used to chant